POOR ROBIN's

JESTS;

OR,

The Compleat Jester.

BEING

A Collection of ſeveral Jeſts not heretofore publiſhed.

Now newly compoſed and written in a new Method, both in Proſe and Verſe.

By *Poor Robin*

Knight of the burnt Iſland, and Well-wiſher to the MATHEMATICKS.

Together with the true and lively Effigies of the ſaid Author.

The Second Part.

Licenſed, *November* 9th.

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TO THE READER

GENTLEMEN,

A Good Year to you and a merry one: and that you may have it ſo, I here again preſent you with more Ieſts to make you merry; and if you have money enough, you may make the year as good as you pleaſe, and without that neceſſary Companion it will be bad enough. Now if you are well provided with Ginnees, it is more than I have been a good while, and if you have a mind to be rid of ſome of them, and want company, I care not if I attend you, and that I'le aſſure you will be for your benefit; for if you give me good Sack, I ſhall write bet-

ter than when I drink Ale (which I am sometimes forced to do when it is a low ebb in my Pocket) and then the better I write, the more will be your profit. If this argument be not sufficient to perswade you, I will use a better when we meet at the Tavern: In the mean time let me tell you what I have done for your pleasure. This three years together I have written a Book of Iests to attend my Almanack; the first year I put you to the charge of twelve pence, the second of six pence, and now you have six penniworth more; so that you may be merry for six pence, merrier for a shilling, (and merriest by buying all three parts together) for two shillings, it is soon cast up, and I'le assure you you have very good Pennyworths for your money.

Poor

Poor *Robin's*

JESTS

On a Schollar that delighted to puzzle ignorant people with hard words.

A Scholler having wore out the heels of his Boots, brought them in his hands to a Cobler, and ſhew'd them him, Saying O thou curious Artificer, that art accuſtom'd to repair the defects of old decayed Calceuments, affix me two Cemicircles to my Subpeditors. The Cobler ſtared as if he would have look'd him thorow, but a little recovering himſelf, ſaid, Before *George* Sir I underſtand not your hard language, but if I put on two Heel-pieces I'll have a groat for them.

Another of the same Scholler.

A Porter was sent with a Letter to a perſon in the ſame Colledge, and not knowing his Chamber hapned on this Schollar, and inquired of him; he knowing the Perſon well, directed him after this manner: You muſt Crucifie the Quadrangle, and aſcend the Grades, and you ſhall find him perambulating in his Cubicle near the Feneſter. Pray Sir, quoth the Porter, what is that Feneſter: It is, replies the Scholler, the Diaphonos part of an Edefice, erected for the introduction of illumination. Away went the Porter to ſeek ſomebody elſe to give him plainer directions, or elſe he might have returned without an anſwer.

On a Parliament Captain.

IN the late time of Rebellion a Company of Parliament Souldiers being quarter'd in a Country Village, the Captains fortune was to lodge at a Farmers houſe, who had an old Woman to his Mother, who was not well affected either to the cauſe in general, or the Captain in particular; and therefore ſhe would often villifie that, and affront him: More eſpecially on a time a Bitch of her Sons having Whelped, and by

the usual time having gained the sence of seeing, she told the Captain that he might now enlarge his Company, for her Sons Bitch had whelped 5 Puppies, who were become Roundheads, for their Eyes were opened: Soon after the several Children of the house having given names to some of the Puppies, one of them came to the old woman with his, and desired to know what name he should call it by, to which she replyed, Call it Captain, child, call it Captain: Why, quoth the Captain, who was then present, truly said she it may be properly enough called Captain, for almost every Puppy throughout *England* is now become a Captain.

Of a Maids Urine.

A Maid that was in perfect health, all the Urine that she made was as black as Ink, and so she continued for a long time: Many Physicians repaired to her, but could not discover the occasion of it, so that it passed for a Miracle. A Person of Honour being told thereof, and his opinion being desired, he answered, That if it were so, that she did really Piss Ink, if she could likewise Shite Wax, she would be an excellent Wife for a Scrivener.

On a Tertian Ague.

A Gentleman went to visit a friend of his that was sick, and coming into the room where he lay, he enquired what his Disease was; he answered him a Tertian Ague, saith the other, how doth it take you? O, alas, said the sick man, I am much troubled with it for it takes me every day.

On a Reporter of News.

A Pragmatical conceited Fellow that was a great lover and adorer of the old Cause, made it his constant practice to invent and report Lyes to promote it; and withall he was such a peremptory Coxcomb in his discourse, that none could relate any present news forsooth, but what he would say he knew a week before. It happened that one that used to be baffled by him on the same account, being in the boat with him and some other solider pated persons than himself, who had business at *Westminster*, resolved at that time to put a trick upon him, to which purpose he having before at leisure invented it, he told a roaring-thumping Lye, says the Rump-Parliament News-monger, I heard this relation above a week agoe, pardon me for that

that ſaid the other, that you could not, for I Invented it but juſt now, He being afterwards ſilenced when any told a thwacker, *Maſter did you hear this news a week agoe.*

It was their conſtant practice in thoſe days
For to advance the cauſe with ſuch damn'd ways
Of Lying, Plundring, Murthering, any evil,
To hold Rebellion up, they'd raiſe the Devil.

On Plato's *Year.*

TWo young Philoſophers went to an Inne to drink, where the Hoſt was an Old man, but very witty and conceited; where having diſputed moſt part of the night about the opinions of Phioſophers, eſpecially of *Plato's* great year (how after thirty thouſand years they ſhonld again be entertained in the ſame Inne) at laſt they intreated the Old man, that until that time he would forbear the reckoning, and when then they came again they promiſed to pay him. To which he anſwered, In the year paſt, being thirty thouſand year ſince, I remember you were here, and did not pay your reckoning, pay that now, and I will truſt you for this until the next year.

Firſt

First pay your old account my learned friends
Of what you owe, when thirty thousand ends:
If that it be your chance that way to call
Let whose will trust when you have paid for all.

A Merry Frolick.

ABout a score of boon associats had agreed amongst themselves to have a merry Frolick, which was, that every one of them should bring a Coached Whore with him to the Unicorn Tavern in *Drury-Lane*; and that person that failed to bring one thither on such a day and at such an hour, was for to forfeit his half piece: and withall every one of them was to steal one petty thing or other, though it were but only a resemblance of any thing to joviallize their compact: Also it was to be observed, that when the Frolick was over, every one of them having given their Wenches the slip, were to meet their friends at the Globe Tavern in *Chancery-Lane*, at the time there appointed, or else to be lyable to the same forfeiture: The Frollickers kept punctually to their agreement, as to the appointed time and place; some of them were furnished with artificially painted, others with Wenches with their own faces, some with Chamber-practicioners, others with Wastcoateers; but all of them with *Bawds* or Whores, which

which they pickt up from all quarters; and as they had indented one with the other, so they were coached and vizard-masqued, all of them, even those that were but Neighbours, that liv'd close by in *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and *Lewkeners Lane*, who also in the same manner, like those that were brought further, alighted at the Tavern door, and were ushered up stairs into a large room one after another; they arrived there with some different space of time as women use to meet when they do not call one another at Gossipings: after they had unmasqued, they found a little leisure to view one the others faces, and to survey one anothers different habits, how the *Bawd* was apparell'd her self, and how she and the *Broker* had suffered the rest to be accoutred: There was no want of Sack, Claret, White-wine and Sugar, &c. and you may be sure not of Lemmans; and though for a short space there was some kind of silence kept in the Court, Complemental-Glasses only passing round; nevertheless the still continued coming in of more couples of the same crew into the room, first raised an admiration, and afterwards a distrust in them, that there might be some plot on their bodies politick, which they then began to dispute amongst themselves, but with no loud voices, at the first very moderately: At last the healths flew round so fast, that their im-

impudences began to be so rid of their cares, to take a further cognisance one of the oth (such a one as the Frolickers expected) whi was to be so elevated with the blood of t grape, as to fall foul upon one another, to c one another by their right names of Whore a Bawd, they fell to peaching of one another how such a one was painted white and red, ho she sented of her complexion, how such a o had a clap, naming several persons that she i requital clapt again, how such a one stole suc a poor whores cloaths, pickt such mens pockets what allowance they gave the Broker to cloat them, the Marshals-men not to arrest, and th Beadles not to inform against them, how the paid their Apothecaries with Up-tayls-all, how they cozened the Apprentices of Gloves, Hoods, Ribbans, Linnen, Stuffs, &c. how long it is since such a one came from beating of Hemp in *Bridewell*, where she earned her living honestly, only by the sweat of her brows, and how such a one got out of *Newgate* to the detriment of the Hangman, &c. The Frolickers still plyed them with more Beer-glasses of the lusty creature, feigningly desiring them to be pacified, which they knew as long as they raised the Devil in them with such tall healths, was very unlikely. To their usual sports the Whores and Bawds went, after their tongue combates, too't they

fell

tooth and nail, off went their head-gears, ich caused excellent sport, for some of them wed their bald pates that had sold their hair the Perriwig-makers, and those that had long cks were very much disadvantaged in battel, being desperately lugged by the adverse party, emented piece of a Nose fell from its place, it as artificially contrived out of a Mutton-bone, ich one of them put up into her pocket, as knowing how soon her self she might have casion for it; there lay a Gorget, there a Pin-, in other places Hoods, Aprons, and Hand-rchiefs, &c. but how long think you, no lon-r than some of them found the opportunity to pocket and cheat their persecuted Sisters of em; At last the Pots reeled and tumbled, the lasses and Pipes were broken, the Candles own out, &c. Whilst this bawdy scuffle con-nued, the Frolickers had time enough to slide own stairs, and to leave them when they were leisure to agree one with another to pay the ckoning. The merry blades met afterwards their time at the appointed place, where when very one of them had told the Name of his Wench, they produced their petty thefts, of a knife, a Bodkin, a pair Sizers, Spectacles, Combs, Black-pots and Patches, Plaisters, Merkins, a spindle (for one of them would seem to be a good Housewife in her way.) An arch crack a-

mongst

mongſt the reſt had the fortune to get a Prat of Piety, another a *David's* Tears with Sprats in it, that were hid in it for one of th beggarly collations, to be broiled on the Fire they ſate in the Chimny-corner, to drive do Drink (two it ſeems were the moſt religious all the Bawdy-houſes.) After they had tip ſoundly, and laugh'd till they were ready burſt at the handſom management of their Fr lick, they diſcharged their own reckoning, marched away civilly to their ſeveral Lodgin What afterwards became of the Whores, I le to the Readers more jovial conſideration.

Alaſs poor Whores this was a ſtrange adventur
To hang you all by th' heels on a Barr tenter.
Be drunk, rail, ſcold, and ſcratch, be pox'd you m
Do what you pleaſe, the reckonings yours to pay.

On a Dog.

A Dog named *Roſe*, piſt on a Gentlew womans bed, at which ſhe being ang did beat the little Curr; one being by excu the Dog, ſaying, Madam, you need not fret much at it, for it was but a little Roſe-wa ſpilt.

Ladies Urine he that doth distil.
May take't for Admirab'lis if he will;
Se waters sweeter, the Hectorean spark.
All difference neither of them in the dark.

On a light Wench.

A Certain kind hearted Creature affirming her self to be a Maid, was asked by one in company how she could prove that, another answered for her, *per demonstrationem a posteriori.*

Thus they read Hebrew backwards, 'tis not fit
To be Breech-learn'd it is but bawdy wit.

On a Tinker.

A Tinker coming through *Cheapside*, and sounding bravely on his Keetle, to the tune of *Have you any work for a Tinker*, a forward Linnen-Draper thought to put a Jest upon the Tinker, there being a Pillory before his door; told him that he should do well to stop those two holes, pointing to the Pillory; The Tinker returned him this Answer, that if he would afford him his Head and Ears, that he would find Hammer and Nails, and give him work into the bargain.

The

This Tinker ſure miſtook his work for play,
He'll not afford his tools ſo every day;
But rather than he'll fail a knave to pleaſure
He nor his Budget ſhall not be at leaſure.

On a Stout fellow.

A Stout fellow being preſt for a Souldier with many tears bewailed his ſad misfortune; and being rebukt by one of his friends for it, he anſwered, it would never grieve me ſo if I might ſtay at home and fight with my friends.

Such curſed Cowards put them to the teſt,
With forreign foes they fight as they were preſt:
Like to Lame Hoſpital Souldiers; yet ſuch dare
In Civil Wars, nor Prince, nor King to ſpare.

Ambo.

ONe falling by chance into company with another that had much injur'd him, brake out into this paſſionate ſpeech, Well, ſaid he, if I am here, there is a knave not far off.

There's no diſpute on't when that you two were met
Printed Bills might expreſs knaves to be let.

Of an Old Man, Marrying of a Maid.

A Maid being married to an Old Man, ſhe was very ſad all the time the Wedding was kept: A merry fellow being there, to comfort her, ſaid, *Be of good cheer, Lady, for an old horſe will perform as long a Journey as a young*; ſhe ſimpering and ſighing ſaid, withal ſtroking down her belly; *But not in this Road Sir.*

Well might this young Bride ſigh and ſpeak that truth,
Age is too frigid to ſpur on like Youth.
Her journeys fit for one goes thorough ſtitch,
Sound Wind and Limb, can break through hedge & ditch.

Of a young School-boy.

A School-maſter asked one of his Schollars what was Latin for *cold*, Oh Sir, ſays the boy, *I have that at my fingers ends.*

This Boy was weather-wiſe, and ſpoke his mind,
From th'art he from his fingers ends did find;
When the Aſtrologer that doth gaze and look
Upon the Stars, is quite beſides his Book.

Of an Heretique.

A Certain Heretick whose Books were (for the wrong Tenents in them) condemned to the fire, he being at the pile at the same time himself, a Spectator made use of that Verse of *Ovid*,

Parve nec invideo, sine me liber ibis in ignem,

One who was standing by and heard him, made reply with the next verse,

Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Thus moralliz'd, in our rebellious state,
Had the Phanatick Pamphlets felt this fate
With their Inventors and dispersers too
There had been peace and truth, no more to do.

On a Baker.

A Baker riding through a Yeomans Close spyed a fat Goose, and being a merry fellow, the lights down, and takes up the Goose and weighing her in his hand, he lik'd her so well that he put her into one of his Dossers, and thumping old *Brock* his Mare with his feet,

beg

gan to trot homewards as fast as he could: he Goose made such a noise, that the Yeoman as so suddenly allarmed as to observe the Bakers knavery, who strained his throat, and cryd aloud, Baker, Baker, the Baker made as if he d not hear, but rides home as fast as he could. he Yeoman knowing who he was, got a Warnt to have him before a Justice: The business ing examined, the Baker was asked what he uld say for himself: And like your Worship id he, I went to buy a Goose, and coming into is mans Close I took one up, weighed her, lik't r, and carried her home, this man calls to me bake her, which I have done, and if your Worship as he loves a Goose, truly both of you all be welcom to the Pye.

riends there's no knavery in that word bake her,
e did but as he was bid, to that end take her,
ut yet you'll say that he plaid fast and loose
is true, to invite two, to eat one Goose.

On a Grove.

ONe hearing a Grove commended which was near unto his house, said, indeed it would a pleasant Grove, were it not for the Trees.

He ſpoke no Bull, this fellow hit the mark,
For He made ſuch a Grove, who bought Hide-park.
We have no ſcarcity of ſuch fools as theſe,
Who croſs to th' Proverb leave no Wood for trees.

Of a pinch-gut Uſurer.

A Miſerable Uſurer uſed to goe to an houſe in *Pye-corner*, where he called for a Modicum only to ſuſtain nature, at that time a black pudding and a ſingle pot. A merry fellow having ſeveral times obſerved his parſimonious covetous humour, reſolved to put a trick upon him, and finding him at his coſtly banquet, he accoſts him, Sir I deſire to be better acquainted with you, takes up his ſingle pot, and ſwallows it very eaſily at a gulp; the Uſurer ſtaring him in the face, to be reveng'd, thought to put a Jeer on him; Sir, ſays he to the bold Intruder, you look as like one that ſtole a horſe from me the other day, as ever I ſaw man in my life: Sir, replies the merry fellow may I requeſt to know of you who it was, the Uſurer made no long pauſe to contrive a name, but ſaid ſuch a one, what he ſays the fellow, I knew him very well, he was an expert blade, he made no more of ſtealing of a horſe, than I do of eating this black pudding which he had no ſooner ſaid, but he thruſt a great piece of it into his mouth, and away he went.

ent, and took time to eat the reſt
his knave had conn'd his leſſon, was no ſot,
e eat the pudding, drank one ſingle pot,
r th' Uſurer, as ſure as I'm a ſinner.
e, to ſave further charges, eat no dinner.

On a Chine of Beef.

A great Duke of the late Kings time, and other honourable perſons, having ſent a eat Wit of this Nation ſome bottles of Wine, ited themſelves to a Chine of Beef. He then ved by the Banks-ſide, where a Mumping old oman was the only and ſole Governeſs of his ouſe, to her care he committed the ordering the Chine of Beef; which the old woman (as e weather proved then) had not ſo well hand-d in the powdering and covering of it, but t the wind had ſo unhappily got into it, that wanted for no Hogo. When the appointed y was come (with all the defects which were t to be remedied) ſhe laid the beef to the Fire, d went forth to fetch ſome Vinegar and Pep-r, and ſuch other neceſſary things as were nting. In the mean ſpace Mr. *F.* who was a rſon that was a great Favourite to the Guſto, me down to make a ſop in the Pan (as he htly underſtood the worth and ſtout nouriſh-nt of the gravy of the meat) where finding

ſome things ſtirring and creeping on the ſides o
the Pan, he deſiſted from that enterprize, an
with a ſudden indignation, takes up the ſpit
goes to the Bankes-ſide ditch againſt his door
and throws the Chine of Beef into it, with thi
expreſſion, that it was alive; and having agai
ſet the Jack going with the empty ſpit, he re
tires to his ſtudy. The old woman miſſing o
the meat, was almoſt out of her wits, but re
collecting of her ſelf, ſhe made haſt to inquir
of the Neighbours, whether they ſaw any bod
go into the houſe: one of them ſaid ſhe ſaw Mr
F. go to the ditch, but what he did there ſh
could not tell: the old woman ran thither
where ſhe found the meat in a moſt dirty and fi
thy condition, yet not knowing any other wa
to help her ſelf, with much adoe ſhe got it ou
of the ditch, waſhed it as clean as ſhe could
ſpitted it, and with a little more chearfulneſs at
tended her Kitchin affairs. Mr. *F.* after he ha
finiſhed a Love-ſcene, came down, which ſom
preſume to ſay (contrary to the courſe of othe
Poets) he write moſt paſſionately to the height
when he had been diſturbed about his dyet; h
ſeeing the meat upon the ſpit again, after a litt
ſtuttering (an infirmity he was ſomewhat trou
bled with) he ſaid, that he was not miſtaken
for if the meat had not been alive, it could ne
ver have crawled out of the ditch thither again

After the best part of the Chine of Beef, without any distrellish had been heartily eaten, and lostily washed down with the rich blood of the grape, Mr. *F.* broke the Jest to those honourable persons that dined with him, who were admirably well pleased, and laughed heartily at it.

I shall not go about to discant on it, I shall only beg leave to commit the following lines to posterity, in honour of our incomparable *F.* of whom no less can be determined.

The quickest wit that ever England *bred,*
The Sun-beams of the Nations glorious light,
For what soe're he in his works hath said,
None can excell though all the Muses write.

Of a clap on the shoulder sinisterly laid on.

A Butcher, knock him down, did one arrest
Not for his debt, he took it for a jest;
May flyes blow on his flesh till that it stink,
He ow'd not for his meat, but for his drink.

Witty Answers.

Quest. Why is *Cœlum*, which is latin for *Heaven*, only of the Masculine gender, of the plural Number.

Anſ. Becauſe that I think few women ſhall come there, or at leaſt ſuch as are ſingular.

Qu. Why amongſt the reſt of the Planets doth *Venus* caſt a ſhaddow?

Anſ. Becauſe her deeds do moſt want it.

Qu. Why doth the man wear the horns whereas the woman doth make them.

Anſ. Becauſe the man is the head.

Qu. Of all creatures, which die moſt like a Swan?

Anſ. A Thief, becauſe he ſings before he dies.

Qu. Suppoſe you and I were in a room together, you being naked, pray which part would you firſt cover?

Anſ. Your eyes Sir, this was propoſed to a Gentlewoman at the ſport of Queſtions and Commands.

Of one put to a Non-plus.

ONe in the telling of a Tale having brought himſelf to a *Non-plus*, deſired one of his Auditors that ſtood by to help him out, no quoth he you are out enough already.

Some are ſo always out, they're never in,
They know not where to end, or to begin,
So Tichburn *us'd to make a marriage ſpeech,*
And books of Canaan *grapes to wipe on's Breech.*

On

On a great Messe of Broth.

A Certain merry Gentleman seeing a great Messe of broth set on the Table with a little chop of Mutton in the midst of it, hastily unbuttoned his doublet, and being asked by the rest of the company what was his meaning, why quoth he, I mean to swim through this Sea of pottage, to that Island of Mutton.

That Epigram of Mutton in the dish,
Put him ith' head of swiming like a fish,
But like a greedy coward to keep dry land,
He laved the Sea broth, and eat up the Island.

Of a Cook.

THe Cook of a Colledge on a Winter night being much busied with dressing supper, and withal having taken a Cup of the creature extraordinary, as one may say being somewhat more than betwixt hawk and buzzard, cut up the sheath of a knife and broiled it for a red herring.

This was a strange mistake, beyond all thinking,
Yet such betides those sots delight in drinking;
Their eyes see double, so 'twas with this Cook,
Who a broyl'd sheath for a red herring took.

An

An Epigram on a drunken Smith.

I Heard that Smug the Smith, for Ale and Spices,
Sold all his Tools, and yet he kept his Vices.

Of a fellow of a house, and an under graduate.

A Fellow of a Colledge was chiding an under graduate, for prating too loud in dinner time, and withal told him, that, *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* The other replyed, yes, *Vir loquitur qui pauca sapit.*

On a Player coughing.

A Player that was to be imagined slain upon the Stage, was troubled with a sudden cough; which though he did endeavour to suppress, he was manifestly seen to shake and move, and at last was forced to cough alowd, at which the Spectators laughing, one of the same company standing by, said that he was used to drink in his Pottage.

Of a Maior and his Brethren.

THe Maior of a Town wherein were many Tanners, had cauſed the ways to be repaired againſt the Kings coming thither, by caſting good ſtore of horns into the deep places amongſt the ſtones. The King at his coming commended his care. Nay (an't pleaſe your Majeſty) quoth he, I and my Brethren did lay our heads together, that we might make good way for your Majeſty, at which the King laughed heartily.

Where there are many Hides, there's many Skins,
Where you meet many rubbs beware your Shins,
Horns under feet, make no ſuch dangerous ſhuffle
Once capital, they make a monſtrous ſcuffle,
This branched Maiors pavement made ſome ſport,
For th' Country, City, to be ſure the Court.

An Epigram on this ſaying,
Quot capita, tot ingenia.

SO many heads ſo many wits, fie, fie,
It is a ſhame for Proverbs thus to lie:
For I, though my acquaintance be but ſmall
Know many heads that have no wit at all.

On

On a falling Meteor.

ONe ſeeing a Meteor fall down when an Aſtronomer was taking the height of a ſtar with his *Jacobs-ſtaff*, cryed out unto him, O well ſhot I faith.

The Aſtronomers at no ſtar ever ſhot,
Though a Meteor fell, and ſeem'd this Artiſts lot;
The poor ſtar-gazer with a hungry belly,
Oft-times is forc'd to gape for ſuch a jelly.

On a Gentleman and his Wife.

A Conceited Gentleman ſeeing his Wife in a very ſullen Mood, asked her how ſhe did, ſhe anſwered him that ſhe was not ſick, nor yet very well. Nay (quoth he) then I may even turn thee out of doors, for I only promiſed when I married thee, to cheriſh thee in ſickneſs and in health, which anſwer frighted her out of her ſullen humours.

It cannot in the leaſt be thought a ſin,
To turn her out of doors, will not keep in:
Nor ſick, nor well, to me's a monſtrous riddle
Not to be tun'd, play on another fiddle..

On

On a pair of foul Boots.

A Gentleman being haſty of his Journey, his friend was over curious in making clean of his boots, the Gentleman jeſtingly deſired him to leave off, for ſaid he the old dirt will ſerve to keep out the new.

On a Jealous Man.

ONe was ſo conceited of his being a Cuckold, that he grew extreme melancholy, and conſequently ſick, whereupon a friend of his that came to viſit him, asked him where he thought his diſtemper was, whither in head, ſtomach, *&c.* he anſwered that he was only troubled with a bad Liver, meaning his Wife, who as he imagined was a little too light in the ballance.

The Yellows queſtionleſs is without cure,
Such a fond Husband Women can't endure.
Let them cornute them, that's the way to pleaſe,
A Bucks-horn'd Cuckold finds the greateſt eaſe.

Of two at Bowls. A Bull.

TWo being together at Bowls, in reckoning of their games, they wrangled with each other,

other, one of them deeply ſwearing that it was ſo, the other ſaid how horribly doſt thou ſwear, it is a great mercy that the Bowling-green doth not fall about thy ears.

Rub, rub and a good caſt, keep in your wits;
You that ſo ſcrue your bodies for your hits
Bowl well, and do not ſwear, be not ſuch ſharks;
Then when the green or Sky falls, expect s Larks.

On the unlacing of a Rabbet.

ONe that (as they uſe to ſay) was but a meer Schollar, who being at the Table with certain Ladies, they concluded privately to make ſome ſport with him, wherefore one of them ſent him a Rabbet, deſiring him to unlace it, he ſcarce knowing the term, leſs how to perform her deſire, took out of the Rabbet the Kidneys, and putting them on a trencher, ſent them to her, deſiring her to pardon him, for though he had not unlaced it, yet he had unbuttoned it for her Ladyſhip.

The buttons to the Lady that were ſent,
Though that he could not carve, did repreſent
Such knacks of nature ſtated in their place
Would make her Madamſhip for to unlace.

An Epitaph on a Cobler.

COme hither, read my gentle friend,
And here behold a *Coblers* end:
Longer in length his Life had gone,
But that he had no Laſt ſo long.
O mighty Death whoſe power can kill,
The Man that made him ſouls at will.

How many ſorts of Cuckolds.

THere are three ſeveral ſorts of *C*uckolds.

1. A Goat-cuckold, who is abuſed, and doth not think of it, for his horns grow like thoſe of the Goat, quite backward, and ſo out of ſight, out of mind.

2. An Aſſe *C*uckold, who taking the ſhadow of his Ears for his Horns, thinks himſelf a *C*uckold but he is not.

3. A Ram-cuckold, who knows he hath horns, ſees them, and thinks it no diſparagement to wear them.

Theſe are the Beaſts that do the herd adorn,
Their Wives go to the Fair, each have their horn,
Goat, Aſs or Ram, they'r furniſh'd all's their own,
A Cuckolds ne'r the worſe, if't be not known.

Am

Ambiguous Speeches.

ONe ſaid that he ſaw a Nobleman eat a Herring half an hour after his head was off. Another that he heard one ſwear a great Oath two hours after he was dead.

A Tranſlation of a Diſtick.

PIſtor erat quondam, laborando qui fregit collum,
Qui fregit collum, collum fregitque ſuum.

Tranſlated by a Scholler that made them, after this manner.

There was a Baker heretofore, with labour and great pain,
Did break his neck, and break his neck, and break his neck again.

Two Bulls.

ONe walking abroad in a clear Moon-ſhiny night, ſaid it was as fine a night as any was in *England.* Another ſwore it was as fine a night as a man ſhould ſee in a Summers day.

A fooliſh wiſh next of kin to a Bull.

ONe ſeeing a tree full of very fair plums, wiſhed that he were a Crow, that he might flye into that Orchard, and fill his Pockets, and ſo come back again.

A Bull.

A Scholler having a very little ſtudy, and ſome of his friends deſiring him to let them ſee it, he ſaid, I faith Gentlemen, if you go all in it will not hold you.

On a Bull.

SOme being talking concerning Bulls, and the like, one of them averred, that there was as much wit ſhewed in breaking of a Bull, ſo it were voluntarily done, as in the beſt jeſt; which ſpeech another confirming, ſaid, it was harder to ſpeak good Nonſence, than bad good ſence.

A Proverb.

HE that is fit to drink Wine, muſt have Sugar on his beard, his eyes in his Pockets, and his feet in his hands.

On a Barber.

A Barber, none of the experteſt, ſhaving a Lean man, put his finger into his mouth to bend out his hollow Cheek, that he might do it (as he thought) more conveniently but by neglect cutting his own finger through the fellows cheek, at the ſight of his own blood he was ſo exaſperated, that he hit the poor blind fellow a box on the ear, ſaying, A Pox on you thin chops thus to make me cut my finger.

This bungling Barber was a ſawcy Curr,
Who cut the fellows cheek with no demurr;
Then for the ſnip of's finger, gives a box,
His throat ſo cut, he'd ne're have ſaid a Pox.

An Aldermans Bull.

SAys an Alderman to the reſt of his Brethren we need not to doubt our cauſe in Law, if we can but prove *Henry* the ſecond to have been before *Henry* the firſt.

Another Bull of the ſame Aldermans.

HE had heard a Schollar ſay (as once *Eraſmus*) that it was one of thoſe Geeſe that ſaved

ved the Roman Capitol, the Jest being applau-
ed by the Company, the Alderman himself
id it afterwards of an old hen, that she was
ne of those that saved the Capitol.

A Travelling Bull.

ONe being to take a journey into the Coun-
try was advised by a friend of his, not to
o that day, for certainly (quoth he) it will
in, puh (replies the other) you may take your
journey, it is no matter for rain, so that it hold
ut up under-foot.

A Hornified Bull..

A Townsman of *Cambridge* speaking of his
former wife, said thus: If a man first
marry a whore, and after her death an
honest woman, am I a Cuckold then?

A Bull.

ONe said of a man that pinched his belly to
save his money, that he lived by the Air
like a Cormorant.

Another.

A Gentleman deſcribing a couple that were married privately, ſaid that they were married without a Wedding.

A Bull on a Wenches Honeſty.

ONe was praiſing of a VVenches honeſty, whom a ſtander by knew to be a whore, wherefore he ſaid to him, is ſhe honeſt, pray had ſhe never a child? the firſt anſwered him, indeed ſhe had a Child, but it was a very little one.

Two Bulls.

A Schollar had been walking in the Fields, and coming home again ſaid, this wind is the inconſtanteſt thing that is in the Earth, I walkt outright half a mile, and it blew directly in my face; I no ſooner returned but it blew on my back. The ſame freſhman coming into the Colledge Kitchin, choſe out of the Skillet for his own dinner, the ſwimming Eggs, (which are moſt commonly the worſt) being ask'd why he did ſo, becauſe (ſaid he) theſe ſhould be Duck-Eggs by their ſwimming.

A Clowns Bull.

A Country Clown having a friend to speak with at Chirurgeons Hall, seeing of a mans Skin tanned, said that that Skin would make excellent good Bucks-Leather Gloves.

Tipling Bulls.

A Fellow whose cup was overfilled, and so delivered to him, did once or twice very gingerly sip thereof, whereat the company laughing, he said Gentlemen it was too full before, but now it is very fair, and so he drank off all the rest. The same man another time swore that he drank once as good beer as ever he did in his Life.

A Martial Bull.

ONe having a Son that was an unthrift, ordered him for for to go a Souldier into the Low-Countries; A friend of his meeting him told him that he heard he would goe a Volunteir, I,I, quoth the intended Souldier much against my will.

A Drowsie Bull.

ONe complaining how little sleep he enjoyed the night before, said, I could not sleep the last night between twelve and one of the clock, for two hours together.

A Tutors Bull.

A Tutour reprehending some of his Scholars, for too much addicting themselves to go into the water, said that he would have none to venture to goe into the water until they could swim very well.

A foolish drunken resolve.

TWo Schollars having been upon a tipling bout, &c. about 8 or 9. resolved to goe to the Colledge and study like any horses, to which purpose they agreed to lock each other into their studies.

Two Bulls.

A Country Curate asking of a young Scholar to which University he intended to go, the Schollar answered him to *Cambridge*, That

That is a very unhealthful place ſaid the Curate for I think if I had lived there till this time, had been dead five years ſince. A Company were talking of an impudent woman that had hit her husband in the teeth with his horns, one amongſt them ſaid, what a fool was he to let his Wife know that he was a Cuckold.

Another.

TVVo travelling on the way, they came to a very narrow path, where one of them doubting that they had gone amiſs, becauſe of the narrowneſs of the Track; the other anſwered, piſh, It is as great a Road of a Pathway, as ever you went ſince you were born.

A Bull.

IN the Night time a Schollar chanced to be locked out of the Colledge gates, wherefore he knockt; a Friend of his that heard him came to the gates, of whom he deſired that he would go to the head of the houſe to get the Keys, he being on the inſide anſwered, that he had beſt to go himſelf, for he feared he ſhould not prevail.

A Bull on a wild Duck.

A Gentleman being at the Table where there was a very fat wild Duck, he ſaid, he thought the Duck was crambed, at which the company falling a laughing, one of them asked him who ſhould cramb the Duck, he anſwered them the man in the Moon.

A Bull on Blackberries.

ONe told his Companion, that he had this year already ſeen red black berries, how can that be poſſibly ſaith the other, why replyes he, are they not red when they are green.

On a Welch Miniſter.

A VVelſh Miniſter being to preach on a Sunday, certain merry companions got him into a Cellar to drink a luſty Mornings draught, and in the mean ſpace pickt his notes out of his Pocket. He being fluſtered not in the leaſt doubting but that he had them, got up into the Pulpit, where after he had ended his Prayer, he miſt his notes; wherefore he ſaid, my good Neighbours I have loſt my Sermon, but I will read you a Chapter in *Job* ſhall be worth two of it.

To fox this preaching Britain was a ſin,
Then ſteal his notes, he knew not to begin
Nor make an end, but for that ſure ſupply
O'th' Chapter, or a ready Homily,

Of a Schollar.

A Schollar as he was blowing the fire in a VVinter night, his bellows Noſe fell off, Gentlemen quoth he, it muſt needs be cold weather when the bellows Noſe doth drop.

We need not for the cold for to devine,
A red Noſe turned blew's a perfect ſign;
Or when we do put on our coat of Male
Againſt both Froſt and Snows, a Toaſt and Ale.

On one that wore but one Spur.

ONe being jeer'd on the way for wearing but of one ſpur, ſaid, that if one ſide of his horſe went on, it was not likely that the other would ſtay behind.

This Schollar was ith' right, what would they have,
Him to ride poſt, he did, each ſawcy knave
Will ſpend his jeer, how would they have him ride,
One ſpur did ſerve his turn for ſide and ſide.

On

On a Seaman.

A Seaman being moſt dangerouſly affrighted with a moſt horrible tempeſt, did promiſe and vow that if ever he came to ſhore, that he would reform and amend his wicked life and converſation, and that he would eat no more powder beef; for that it cauſed him to drink ſo much. The weather being calm, and the ſhore recovered, as ſoon as ever he had ſtept on it, he cryed out, not without Mu-ſtard, not without Muſtard.

Thus we proteſt and vow, but ne're perform,
When we'r afflicted with a Jonah's *ſtorm;*
But once becalmed, and wafted to the ſhore,
We drink, we ſwear, and are pox'd with a Whore.

On a Gentleman and a Townſmans Wife.

A Gentleman coming to a Townſmans wife enquired of her very earneſtly for her husband, telling her withall that he was certainly faln into the fire; ſhe askt him whether he was drunk, he giving no anſwer, ſhe made haſte to look, and finding no ſuch matter, demanded what ſhould make him think ſo? why (quoth he) there is ſuch a ſtink of horns before the door

t I would have ſworn that your husband had
mt his head.

is was not civilly done, for that he might
ve put the Townſmans Wife into a fright,
he miſtork himſelf, a woman ſcorns
ix ſuch branchers can be burnt for horns.

On a Scholler.

A Scholler having brought his Tutor an Exerciſe in proſe, he diſlik'd it, and bad him rn it into verſe, the next day the Scholler ought it, ſo ſaith he, now there is rime in it, fore there was neither rime nor reaſon.

his is not ſtrange if that we ſhould ſurvey
he ſeveral Pamphlets come forth every day;
hat find we there, inſtead of rime or reaſon,
he Devil and's Dam, they'r ſtufft with naught but
[*Treaſon.*

On a ſilly young Gentlewoman.

A Silly Country Gentlewoman being got with child by one that was much her inferiour, to ſave her credit, accuſed the an of a rape; whereupon the matter was rought before a neighbouring Juſtice of Peace, ho eaſily perceiving, and having before an eye

in-

into the buſineſs: after he had heard her co plaint, how deeply ſhe had been injured, as p tying her he ſaid, alas poor Gentlewoman warrant this was not the firſt time that the Ro raviſhed you, ſhe to aggravate his crime, rep ed, no I'll be ſworn he raviſhed me above twe times, which procured much laughter, and t fellows freedom.

This Gentlewoman was extremely out,
To prove a rape i'th Law, its a great doubt;
Sure twenty Rapes put her to wondrous pain,
He raviſh'd her, he raviſh'd her, he raviſh't her
[ga

On a Country-man.

THis Country man went to the Univerſity o *Oxford* to ſee his young Landlord, wh was there a Student. And having found him di courſing amongſt Schollers, he ſaid he woul give twenty pounds his Sonne were ſo good Schollar as he, wouldſt thou replyes the youn Landlord who was the Schollar, it hath coſt m Father five hundred pounds. Hath it ſo, ſaid th Country man, then you and your Father ar moſt damnably cheated.

Theſe Country Hobnails uſe to value more
Their Teems and Swine than all the Golden Ore
Of

Learnings dowry, tell them of a Poet
I'll ſwear he'll ne're be rich, too well we know it.

Of one who had long hair.

A Gentleman calling after one that had long hair, and he not hearing him at the firſt or ſecond call, he askt him whether his ears were pierc't.

Since ſome of late have danced the French Gig,
That no hair of their own, they need a Wig,
And what think you this Alamode doth follow
With ſuch a deafneſs, one muſt hoop and hollow,

On a Coachman.

A Company of merry fellows took a Noblemans Coachman that was at leaſure to carry them from the Half-moon in the Strand to the three Kings Ordinary in Fleet-ſtreet, they being all of them reſolved to part with no money. Before they came to the three Kings Ordinary, they every one of them leapt over the boots: the people though they ſaw them, took no further notice, otherwiſe than to laugh at them. The merry Frolickers only croſſed the way, and went to an Alehouſe juſt againſt the three Kings. The Coachman drove on

on till he came thither, and there ſtopt; but before he came out of the Box, he cryed Maſters Maſters; but no Maſters anſwering, he lea out of the Coach-box, and looking into t Coach (which was marvellous rich) and findi all things ſafe and well there, he thankt G (as Coachmen and Carrmen uſe to doe) a skipping again nimbly into his Coach-box, drove away as if the devil had been in him, f fear leſt he ſhould have been too late to have a tended on his Lord, his ſhame and vexation ſuffering him ſo much as to look back, thou the people called to him, and laugh'd at him a loud as poſſibly they could; methinks I ſtill he the Coachman expreſs his diſaſter to this effect.

What, Maſters, Maſters, ſhall I ſet you down.
Oh God they'r dumb, I'm hindred with this Gown
I'll leap to ſee, ah me; faith all is well,
The Devil ſhall drive them next for me to hell.

On a Schollar that had ſore Legs.

A Scholler keeping of his Chamber very cloſe, by reaſon of his ſore Legs, was askt by one how he could keep in ſo much, having ſuch running Legs.

Legs were ſore, and therefore they did run
no ſuch pace t'obſerve from Sun to Sun,
ſuch a race we can't call many ſcore,
could he win that ne're went out oth' door.

Of a young man and a Doctor.

A Meer puny being in a bowling green, where there was a grave Doctor at bowls; the Doctor ſaid, that he ſhould win the caſt, the young ſtart hearing him, ſaid, I'll lay half a dozen it.

deed you were too ſawcy my young Cozen,
ith the grave Doctor to lay half a dozen;
heſe had been dangerous words had ſome been by
the Rump-days they'd made his Living flye.

On a Souldier whoſe ſtones were cut out.

A Scholler hearing of a begging Souldier complain that he parted with his ſtones at the Iſle of *Rea*, did thus bemoan him.

Ille dolet veré qui ſine teſte dolet.
Alas poor ſouldier 'twas a ſtrange miſchance,
Like to the reſt which ſome receive from France;
There thou didſt loſe thy ſtones, but ſome we ſee
Without their Noſes, Loſt like the Iſle of Rea.

Of

Of a Tyler.

A Tyler and his man were together at work upon a houſe, when the rafters breaking his man fell down through the roof; the Tyler looking after him, ſaid, I like a fellow that will go through his work.

This jeering Tyler vapoured like a Turk,
Made no diſtinction of go, or fall through's work,
ſhould one have askt him what he'd take a day
To go through's work ſo, he'd refuſe his pay.

Of the Sea between England *and* Holland.

ONe diſcourſing that it is a dangerous Sea between *England* and *Holland*, Another ſaid he never knew one drown'd there in his life; no replies he, I ſay, *A. M.* came over from *Holland* to *England*, and was drowned by the way.

Thoſe Seas were lately dangerous, now we may,
Since the late happy peace, ſafely diſplay
our ſpreading Canvas, But for A. M. *drown'd*
How could't be ſo, when he kept on dry ground.

Of a Priſoner at Newgate.

A Priſoner at Newgate miſſing his purſe, looking about on his fellow Priſoners ſaid, how now Gentlemen, what have we Theives amongſt our ſelves.

This Squire of Newgate's troubled for his Purſe,
Not to be hang'd, which ſome think ſomewhat worſe
Tis pity Sir indeed but you ſhould have
Honeſter Sociates, when you'r ſuch a knave.

On a Welſhman at Cambridge.

AT a Stage-play in *Cambridge*, a *Corniſh-man* was brought forth to wreſtle with four *Welſhmen*, one after another, and when he had put them all to the worſt, he called out aloud, have you any more *Welſhmen*? which words one of the Schollars, being himſelf of the *Britiſh* Nation, reſented ſo furiouſly, that he leapt upon the Stage, and threw the *Corniſh-man*, and in the like manner called out aloud, have you any more *Corniſh-men*.

Vex not a Cambro-Britain, *ſplutter nails,*
When her bloods up, her courage never fails,
Had th'other Welſhmen been as angry too,
They'd thrown that County without more to do.

On a Lecturer.

A Gentleman being at a Sermon, where a dull fellow preached almoſt all his Auditory out of the Church, ſaid that he made a very moving Sermon.

A more ſtrange obſervation now doth hold,
For if the ſeveral Churches were but told
Where the beſt Sermons preached are, we may
Say there's the ſame ſwift motion at this day.

Of an Old man and a Judge.

NOt long ſince there was an Old man brought before a Judge to be a witneſs of an antient cuſtom of a Pariſh, which was at that time controverted: The Judge therefore in his examination inquired of him how many years old he was; he anſwered, one and threeſcore; the Judge endeavouring to put him out of countenance, ſaid, and why not threeſcore and one (as indeed the greateſt number ſhould be put firſt) the old witneſs replyed, becauſe (may it pleaſe your Lordſhip) I was one before I was threeſcore.

The diffrent ways of numbring the Play-bill
Stuck on the posts, those may observe that will;
What's the Antipathy the Players mean,
They can no more express, than write a Scene.

Of two Scollars requiting of each others kindness.

A Certain Scholler had occasion to make use of a book which he wanted, wherefore he sent to another for to borrow it for a short time, but he sent him word that he could not lend his book out of doors, but he might come and read as long as he pleased. The other Scholler waited a requital for this jeer, which was thus offered: Two days after the other sent to him to borrow his bellows, he sent him word, indeed he could not lend his bellows out of doors, but he might come to his chamber and blow as long as he would.

It was but quit pro quo with learned fellows,
One would not lend his book th'other his bellows:
But here the difference lies, never to look
To hav't return'd if that you lend a Book.

On a Bishop bearing Arms.

A Bishop that had bore Arms against his King, was by him taken and kept prisoner: whereupon the Pope writ to the King, that he had much violated the priviledge of the holy Church, in keeping one of his Sons captive. The King upon sight of the Popes letters, sent back to him the Armour in which the Bishop was taken, with these words, *Vide num hæc sit vestis filii tui*: See (I pray) if this be the habit of one of your sons.

'Tis not long since the Priests preach'd blood O Lord
Revenge oth' Covenant-breakers with the sword;
They march'd themselves for to defend the cause,
'Gainst God, the Church, the King, the State & Laws.

On a Cambridge *Townsman.*

A Townsman of *Cambridge* being in company with Schollers, and hearing them discourse, would needs intermingle to shoot his fools bolt amongst them, and told them that though they were *Schollers*, yet could he tell as well as any of them, what was latin for any part of a mans body; yea, says one of them, prithee what is Latin for a Townsmans head: the Townsman pro-

producing his Almanack, lookt on the Anatomy and answered *Aries*, at which the Company laughing, he swore that if it were not *Aries*, that it was *Taurus*.

This was a learned Townsman, what he said
If rightly English'd did pertain toth' head.
Not unto his head alone, jeering Sirs you
Think it false Latin, though you prove it true.

On the Tragedy of Messalina, *which like that of* Cambises *is not without some delectable mirth.*

A Pedagogue which pretended to Dramatick Poetry, writ a Play, which he called the Tragedy of *Messalina*; in which, amongst many other impertinencies and improbabilities, he brings in *Messalina* with a Pistol, which was not above 200 years before they were invented, you may very well imagine then that she could not otherwise choose, when she was living, but do dreadful execution.

Qui mihi Discipulus, puer es cupis atque doceri,
To read your Play through I was wondrous weary,
The next time Sir your Empress is to rage,
Let the more antique Pot-gun clear the Stage.

Of a Scholler.

A Maſter of a Colledge ſeeing one of the foundation clad with an extreme ſhort Gown, reprehended him ſharply, and told him that it was a diſparagement to the whole ſociety, for him to goe accountred ſo ridiculouſly. Good Sir, replies the fellow, have patience a while, for, it will be long enough I'll warrant you before I have another.

Have patience ſaid the man with Learning ſtrong,
Though his Gown was too ſhort he prov'd it long,
Not like Scotch Petticoats which ſhew their ſmocks,
And when they ſtoop to waſh, their fowler docks.

Of Scotus.

A Certain Nobleman ſitting at the Table, oppoſite to *Scotus* that writ on the Sentences a moſt learned Engliſhman, amongſt other diſcourſe merrily asked him, what was the difference betwixt *Sot* and *Scot*, he anſwered, Nothing but the Table, Sir.

A nimble jok that hath a quick remove
Is well digeſted, entertain'd with love;
But take this for a certain rule oth' Wits

They'r

not thought that the Apprentice would ſtill e ſtruck upon the Buckler, ſomebody ſhould e play'd with him, not he.

On a Boy ſerving in a Piggs head.

A Certain company of Gentlemen were met together at dinner, at a friends houſe, where a boy was ſerving in a Piggs head the Table, in a foul diſh; for which his Maer being very angry with him, reprehended m moſt bitterly for it: one of the ſtanders by cuſed the boy in this manner; Faith ſaid he, ou need not be ſo angry, for the diſh is ſo lean, that the Boy may ſee his face in it.

Of a young Barber.

A Young Barber coming to trim a Gentleman, the Gentleman asked him what was ecome of his Maſter (who was wont to trim im); Sir, quoth the Shaver, my Maſter hath left off Shop-keeping, and hath turned your Worhip over to me.

Of a Lobſter being ſhot.

A Company of Inland Cockneys ſhot a living Lobſter which was let fall on the High way

way for a Serpent, and made a ſolemn thanks-giving (if you will believe it) for their deliverance from it. One of them being ſomewhat wiſer than the reſt, took up the Serpent, and invited the Miniſter of the Pariſh to dine with him, who being derided for his errour, ſaid, that in all his life-time he never ſaw a black Lobſter before.

A miſtake in a mans name.

A Fellow was ſent of a Meſſage to one whoſe name was *Anckeeild*: And that he might the better remember his name, he was bid to remember the ankle of his Leg, he went on his errand, and coming to the place where he lived, miſtook Anckle and enquired for one Mr. Calf.

Of a Spaniſh *Cheater.*

A *Spaniſh* Cheater had gotten him under wide hanging ſleeves a pair of falſe Arms, which he artificially lifting up in the time of prayer, did with his true Arms (if ſo I may call them) cut the purſes of all the Votaries that were neer him.

On

On the preſenting of a Pidgeons Leg.

ONe at the Table having given a Pidgeons Leg to one (he ſmelling to it to try if it were ſweet) was reproved by him that carved it for him, who ſaid it was not fit for him to ſmell a gift-horſe in the mouth.

Of a Miſer gathering Wool.

A rich Miſer was often obſerved to go abroad in the Fields to pick wool, which having done, he would put it into his breeches, leſt his covetous trade ſhould be diſcovered, which not long after was, wherefore ſome in waggery put wool full of Lice on the hedges where he was wont to gather it, which knavery when he had to his grief found out, he quickly left off his deſign of wool-picking.

On two Welſhmen.

A Welſhman ſeeing of the Moon ſhine into the bottom of a VVell, ſaid that there was a Sheeze in the VVell. Another Welſhman ſeeing the Moon ſhine in a Pool, ran home, and ſwore that the Pool was on fire.

Of

Of one that spoke very big.

ONe being about to describe one that spoke very big, said, that he had a Bow-bell in his mouth.

On a Tatling Wench.

ONe hearing of a Tatling wench, said, that her Tongue ran upon wheels, another said that she had her Tongue at her fingers ends.

On a Fat man

ONe seeing a Fat man, whose Legs were swoln with drinking, said that his body was like a Hogshead set upon two Flagons.

On the Roman Julia.

Julia the Daughter of *Augustus Cæsar*, being gravely admonished by a friend of hers, that she should compose her self to the Example of her Fathers temperance and frugality; she answered, he forgets himself to be *Cæsar*, but I remember my self to be *Cæsars* Daughter.

A ridiculous Speech.

A Gentleman being newly come from *London*, another asked him how such a friend of his fared, who was then there, the other answered him that he did not see him; No (replies he) why did you not find him out, what sayes he, seek a man there, seek a man in a bottle of hay.

On Populia.

Populia was a luxurious woman, who when one of her friends said, that he wondred why beasts never use to couple with their Mates but when they desire to conceive with young (whereas 'tis otherwise in women) she answerd because they are beasts.

On a Phœnix.

ONe reported that he had seen a Phœnix in his travels: A Phœnix, one askt him in the company, whether it were a Cock or a Hen Phœnix.

Of

Of a Glutton.

ONe beholding a Glutton falling hard to his Victuals, said, that he devoured his meat like a *Hannibal*.

Another on a Glutton.

A Glutton being to encounter his enemy, was encouraged by a Spectator to fall on, who told him that he need not to doubt of the Victory, for to his knowledge he was armed with the better stomach.

On *Mr.* Benjamin Jonson

MR. *Jonson* Poet Laureat of our times, being merry with his friends at a glass of Wine and a Barrel of Oysters at the Martin Tavern near *Charing-Cross*, looking out of the Window chanced to spit one of them Wallfish Oysters into the mouth of a Country Gentleman who was gazing at that strange sign with his chopps wide open: The Gentleman resented the abuse so hainously, as that he marking well that window which was towards the street, he ran with his sword drawn into the Chamber where Mr. *Jonson* and his friends were, demanding who

who it was that had given him that abuse: said it was not he, another that he did it not, Mr. *Jonson* rising from the Table swore by ------ that was he; the Gentlemen askt him what repatation or amends he would make him for that affront, says Mr. *Jonson* I will tread it out again, the Gentleman being pacified with the quickness of the conceit, was afterwards merry, and better acquainted with Mr. *Jonson* and his friends.

I shall be here so serious as not to take any further notice of this Jest; but rather of a short inscription to Mr *Jonsons* memory, written on a little stone in one of the Long-walks of *Westminster* Abbey, the words are these

O Rare Ben Jonson

The Gentleman who was at this small cost (as he might be some poor Cavalier) is altogether unknown to me, perhaps his purse strings could not stretch further, or else he might do it out of an Ironie to the Court, that did not afford him a Cavelier Monument: I shall only make bold to affix these few lines

What though our Nation could afford no room
Neer Chaucer, Spencer, Draiton *for thy Tomb*;
What's here ordain'd is for thy honour more
Than Pyres erect, or Marbles gilded ore;
Where when our Epitaphs cannot express
Thy worth in writing more, we must write less

Of a Welshman

A Welshman that had been at the Assize seing the Prisoners hold up their hand to the Bar, coming thence, said, That they were for good Fortune-tellers, for do but hold up his hand, and they was tell hur whether hur shall live or die:

Had hur Vrships fortune in that way been told,
That hur welsh paw hur up uth' Bar should hold,
And afterwards found guilty, Taffe *defend,*
Such fortune-telling would bring hur to a sad end.

A Mistake recovered

ONe that was a Journeyman used to goe before his Mistress once on a Sunday very formally to Church, only to bring her thither and so to leave her with the Apprentice to come home with her again: he having appointed that Afternoon to be merry at *Islington* with some of his Comrades, who were to meet him there at the Katharine-wheel, every one of them so furnished with one thing or other, as to make up a lusty collation: As soon as his Mistress was in her Pew, he had like to have committed a grand mistake, instead of her Bible he was a go-

g to deliver her his *Islington* Neats-tongue, which he had wrapt in a brown-paper; but as good fortune would have it, he recollected himself, suddenly, recovered it again, and put it under his Arm: She being almost angry askt him what was the reason he did not give her the Bible, forsooth he replyed, that was mine, and so delivered her the Bible in the green Bag, and kept his in the brown Paper.

Faith head-man of the Shop you were put to't,
I wonder with what imp'dence you could do't;
Are Neats-tongues Bibles, so's a Pye a Custard,
Such strange Devotions go best down with Mustard

Of a Jealous man.

A Certain man that was somewhat too jealous of his Wife, used often times when she walkt abroad to follow her, and watch her whether she went, which she several times perceiving, was so highly incensed, that she roundly told him, that if he used so continually to look after her, that she would clap such a pair of horns on his front, that for the future he should not be able to put his head out of doors.

Some Jealousie hath split upon the Rock
Of curs'd suspition, the Italian Lock

Their wives must wear, through which they gave
leave to piss,
That's all, cornute such miscreants hit or miss;
For 'tis a certain truth though long since said,
Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.

On an Artichoak Cryer.

A Wench offered an Arm full of Artichoaks to a Shop-keeper, he told her that he had no occasion for them, and that he would not buy them, Pray Master said she be pleased to have them, he replyed that he would not; truly Master said she you must have them, for I know not what to do with them, and so threw a company of withered Artichoaks into his shop, and away she run, it being to no purpose to offer to call her back again.

What would you have this wench go up and down
With that same wither'd armfull through the town,
She'd learnt more wit, she gave that ware away
Could not be sold, but lose her that whole day.

On one that would borrow money.

A Gamester having lost all his Money came to one of his acquaintance who at that time lay upon the bed in that room, and jogging him said

said, Sir, if you are not asleep be pleased to lend me five shillings, faith says the other I am fast asleep.

Faith fast asleep he dreamt, and was unwilling
To be awak't to part with but one shilling,
Who lends unto the Looser number five
At's rising or down-lying will nere thrive.

On a Pig fleying.

THe Schollars had got a trick, their Casement being opened, with a hook fastened to the end of a piece of Whipcord, to ferk up a Hen when they had occasion to please their appetites, insomuch that they had purloined all the Poultry that a poor woman had that lived hard by them, she being never a whit the wiser, so as in the least wise to conceive in what manner she lost them. At length the Schollers perceiving that sport was at an end, they resolv'd to venture still on a young Pig, and to that purpose got them stronger tools. They had quickly got the Pig half way up to the window, but he made such a cursed squeaking, that the old woman came out, who perceiving of their knavery, Ay me, said she, this is more than ordinary, I never did think otherwise but that my Hens did fly away, but I could never in my life believe what

I now see, that a Pig should fly: with which jest after their Tutors were acquainted, the Scholler were forced to pay in earnest, the old woman being very well satisfied for her Poultry.

These Schollers were caught napping, like Mosie Mare,
The old woman brought them in their bill of fare;
When all your Poultry's flown think on this gig,
And get them paid for with a fleying Pig.

Of a Strumpet got with Child.

A Strumpet would have fathered a child on *Aristipus*, to clear himself he said, that she might as well say if she went through a hedge of Thorns, that this thorn prickt her.

On a Quaker.

ON a *Shrove-Tuesday*, as the custom is, they use for to throw at Cocks; A Prentise that was a rigid Quaker stood in the *Strand* (amongst the rest of the wicked crew) to see them throw at a Cock; it happened that the second stick that was thrown (instead of hitting the Cock) being heavy, and delivered with a strong arm, hit the Quaker as he was gaping (indeed for no preferment) such a blow on his teeth, that

that it broke moſt of them half off on the upper and lower rows. One that ſtood by him asked him what he had to do to ſtand there, and withall told him that it was a juſt judgement that was laid on him for ſpending his time ſo idlely to ſee ſuch a cruel unlawful game: he liſping through the preſent loſs of his teeth, into which by reaſon that the wind had gotten, he was in a great deal of pain, ſaid, I do juſtly deſerve this affliction, for it is not lawful for me to keep a ſociety with the wicked, but more eſpecially on a *Shrove-Tueſday*.

My trembling Brother this was not a ſight
In which thou ſhouldſt expect to take delight;
To ſtand to ſee a wicked prophane ſhew,
Is of your teeth to loſe a double row.

Of one that wanted the Liquid Attendance at a Feaſt.

A Tenant dining at his Lords Table, could get no Liquor, wherefore he aroſe, and deſired leave to go home and drink, ſaying, that he would return again preſently.

He that doth make a feaſt muſt ever think,
That 'tis not noble for to ſpare of's drink;
I'd have the cheeks oth' Gueſt to glow with Wine,
Of a free welcom the moſt certain ſign.

A trick to fetch a good fellow home.

THe Good-fellows Wife told her Maid, that she was sick even to the very death, therefore she bid her go to the Sexton and cause him to toll the bell, and withall she bid her to open the window, that she might herself hear it toll. Her Husband being at the Tavern with his merry companions not far off, the question was asked who the bell tolled for, one said for such a mans Wife: what for my Wife, if it be so says he, she must be suddenly faln sick, for when I went forth, which was not long since, I left her very well; I will goe and see, and if it be otherwise, return again to you presently. As soon as ever he came home, the dying woman lifted up her voice aloud, the first words that she said (after her sudden recovery) were; You cuckoldly Rascal except you had been in hopes to have buried me, that you might have got another Wife, you would have been hanged before you would have left your drunken companions to have come home; Indeed I thought I should have dyed, but the very sight of your ugly self doth so vex me, that it keeps me alive; therefore I would have you, as you tender my health and welfare, to keep more at home than formerly you have done; and now you are here, before you go to

your

our drunken Rogues again, pray tarry and ine: And being very carefull to live as long as he could, she bid her Maid to take up the Fish, or said she, I'm sure that it is boyled enough.

He that will leave his friends and good Canary
for to come home and ask his Wife how fare ye,
Is little better than quite out of's wits,
Wives dead and bury'd, revive with scolding fits.

On an English man and a French man.

AN Englishman being in the company of a Frenchman, with many swaggering terms braving him, amongst the rest said, that we give the Lyon for our Arms, the King of all beasts: The Frenchman answered him, and said 'twas true, yet *Leo Gallum perhorrescit.*

A Frenchman durst not these same words to have sed
When we their Dolphin as our captive lead;
Their crest-faln cock was on another score,
He then crow'd low our Lyon did so roar.

On Mr. Butters *crossing of the Ferry.*

A Bookseller having some business at *Hampton Court*, was to be ferryed over, the water

water being at that time very rough, the Ferrymen perſwaded him to alight from his horſe, which he being a teſty conceited perſon refuſed to do, and as he was uſed (in a ſtutteriag manner ſometimes to ſpeak very faſt) he called them Fools, Fools. It happened ſo, whether it was through the roughneſs of the weather, or his horſes ſtooping, that he popt into the Thames, out of which (after a pretty ſpace that he was almoſt drowned) with much ado they made a ſhift to get him, and when they came to ſhoar, they were forced to hang him up by the heels, that the great quantity of water that he had ſwallowed might be poured out of his belly out from his mouth: After they had given him a gill or two of Strong-water, he came again to himſelf, when inſtead of thanking God for his deliverance, (he being at that time a young finical Citizen, very neat in the wearing of his apparel) the firſt words he ſaid, (ſlapping his hand upon his band) were, *Friends is my band wet, is my band wet*; which queſtionleſs could not be otherwiſe, when he was ſo nigh drowning; he being forced afterwards to ſhift himſelf, and to tarry the drying of his Cloaths by a fire. Methinks in the following words I ſtill hear him asking the Queſtion.

Is my band wet, good friends, is my band wet,
He drunk good ſtore of Fiſh-broth, took not yet

To be hang'd up by th' heels; without all doubt
Sure he was wet within, and wet without.

On the Plundering of a Book-seller.

A Book-seller lived in *Cursitors Alley*, where he had a little Shop, with a back room that he use to lye in; he was (to give the merry man his due) a true Royalist, one that feared no colours, but sold in those dangerous times (as they then called them) Malignant Books, and adventured as far in discourse as any man durst. It happened at that time a Broadside was printed with red Letters, that most excellently described the barbarous Murther of our late Soveraign, to my best remembrance the last line that ended every Stanza was,

King Charles *our Soveraign's Murther'd at his* (*Gate.*

This man (whereas other Book-sellers durst hardly sell this Paper privately to their friends) was so Fool-hardy, as to expose them to publick sale, hanging them openly by half dozens on a string, in so much that they covered the whole side of his Shop, so that no other Books else could be seen. A Pursevant that was in quest for this Paper, chanced to pass that way, who seeing of them hang so thick together, turning them up,

(as

(as wondering who durst to do so) he saw th
Book-seller set behind them with his fantastica
Boat-mince-pye Cap; sayes the Pursevant, I di
not before now know where you dwelt, thoug
I knew none but such a mad man as you durst
have adventured so, I am glad I have you. Th
Pursevant presently sent for a Constable, an
seized upon him, and on a hundred little gilde
Books of Bishop *Halls* Contemplative Devot
ons; which he could not lawfully as the time
were then have taken away, but that such Rogue
dare to do any thing: The poor Book-seller be
ing kept so long a Prisoner, that if he had not be
fore been almost undone, this disaster was enough
utterly to ruine him. A friend of mine after he
was freed, asked him what became of his gilded
Books; sayes he, as I stood in a withdrawing
room in *Whitehall*, I saw that Rogue *Oliver*
Cromwell Codpiece one of a sort of every one of
those that were best bound; for the rest, said he,
a Pox take the Rebels, they burnt them without
any distinction, higgledy piggledy, the Books
and the Paper together

Whether Nol *Codpieced that we'l not decide,*
But this we're sure, the Rebels did divide
The wealth oth' Kingdom, to encrease their store
Made Beggars rich, for to make Rich men poor

On

On a Boy like Auguſtus.

Auguſtus Cæſar Emperor of *Rome,* travelling through one of the Provinces, ſaw a Boy very like to himſelf; wherefore he asked the Boy merrily, whether his Mother was never at *Rome*; the Boy anſwered, No, but my Father was.

Every like's not th' ſame, it was not fit
A ſtriplings Jeer ſhould give ſo pat a hit;
His Father was at Rome, *and ſo was* Cæſar,
But Majeſty makes known a King from Keiſar.

On an Apprentice of the New Exchange.

AN Apprentice of the New Exchange, a very young Rogue that reſolved not to ſerve half his time out, when the reſt of his fellow Apprentices had opened their Shops, he told them that he would ſhew them ſuch a trick, the like of which they never ſaw in their lives: He bid them bring out their ſtools, and to ſet them with an equal indifferent diſtance the one from the other; they did ſo, ſetting on a row about twelve of them: O ſayes the young Rogue, I thought that you had more ſtools then to have ſet but twelve: They made haſt, and ſet out all their

ſtools

ſtools the length of the whole Exchange, they only left him a little ſpace, as they thought enough for him to take his riſe from; which pains when they had beſtowed, in requital the young Rogue told them, that they were a pack of unreaſonable Raſcals, at the firſt to ſet too few ſtools, and afterwards too many: Like company of Fools as you are, ſaid he, make haſte and put them up before your Maſters come.

Theſe Boys ſans doubt knew not a Pigg from Dogg,
That thought their fellow Prentice a leap Frogg;
They nimble were for to pull out their ſtools,
And were as quick to put them in like Fools.

On a Schollar ſlighted.

A Schollar either neglecting, or not ſeeing one of his former familiar acquaintance, the other ſo reſented it, that imputing it to his pride, ſaid to ſome of his company, that he ſaw me well enough, but that he would not ſo much as look on me.

To ſee and not to look is ſomewhat ſtrange,
But pride makes no diſtinction, when the change
Of due reſpects to friendſhip proves unkind
Thoſe that do ſeem to ſee, we imagine blind.

Of

Of a Hectoring Blade.

A Mad Devil that had been out late at the old sport of hunting the Fox at the Rose Tavern in *Cursiters Alley*, as he was to goe through the narrow passage that leads into *Fetter-lane*, in his march he met with a Chamber-pot double-charged, which was thrown out of an Alehouse that had for its cognisance the godly sign of the *David and Harp*. It being a Moonshiny Night, and a new brick building over against the Alehouse, the mad Gallant was not long a finding of a good large piece of brick-bat, which with an inraged fury he threw so happily, that it went thorow the street-side, and thorow the back windows of the house, insomuch that some of the Neighbours were so terrified with the noise, that they opened their doors to see what the matter was, which as soon as they knew, they desired the Hectorean spark to throw again (for, said they, it is a Bawdy-house) Is it so, said he, then I am sorrowfull for what I have already done, and do resolve not to throw one piece of a brick-bat more.

A Bawdy house! if so, he'd throw no more,
To break those windows that were broke before.

On

On a Conſtruction.

A School-boy being to conſtrue that place in *Terence*, *Ventum erat ad Veſtæ*, rendred it in this manner, *Ventum* the wind *erat* was *Veſtæ* in the Weſt, at which the School-maſter laughing, ſaid, that it was then time to hoyſe up ſayl, and withall untruſt the boy, and trimmed his Pinnace.

This boy ſure was not well read in's In Speech,
Whoſe falſe conſtruction coſt him a whipt Breech.

On a Gentlewoman and her ſervant.

A Gentlewoman was boaſting what an overthrow ſhe had given an adverſary of hers in a Sute of Law; (yes quoth one of her ſervants that ſtood by) he took the wrong Sow by the Ear when firſt he began to meddle with you.

She gain'd the Suit, nevertheleſs, how now,
No better words Clown in your mouth than Sow;
This ruſtick fellow meant not as he ſed,
The Proverb only brought his wit to bed.

Of a Tyler that fell from the top of a house.

ONe falling from the top of a house, with his weight killed a man that was under, but ved his own life, the other mans friend prose- uting the Law, and requiring *Lex talionis*, was judged to get up on the house, and to fall down n the Tyler.

his censure was but just, he'd not dispence
ith the great myst'ry of Gods Providence;
Nor durst he stand to's Lot of Lex talionis,
hat if he broke his Neck, it but his own is.

Of a Gentlewoman betraying of her self.

A Gentlewoman was in company telling a tale of a Curtezan who was like to be surprized in bed with a Lord, and that they were so near put to't, that to save both their credits, the Lord was inforced to let her down at a window with one of the Sheets: in conclusion said she, the knot slipt and down fell I.

This Lord and she whose pleasures were so sweet
To dance in two, made her skip through one sheet.
When for the Curtezan she said 'twas I
Before she was aware, she did not lye.

Of one that used to sing Psalms aloud to the street-side.

I Shall not need to prick down the tunes th a cheating hypocritical Citizen used to sing Sunday nights towards the street, that his neig bours (who for all that, knew what a kind of good Christian he was) might take notice of h devout keeping of the Sabbath; for the ma part the Psalms his Family thought they sung went to the tune of hum, hum, hum, hum, hum hum, hum, haw a; in the midst of which singi the worldling Citizen used to call to his Ma John, John have you enter'd down such a thing yes, says he, then on they went again; but pr sently another stop was made, whether Mr. B the Tayler had been there to pay for the stuff which he had lately taken up, yes, say John which pleased him so well, that he said, we wi sing but one stave more, and then you shall go to bed, that you may rise betimes in the Mor ning.

Such Hymns they may amaze such kind of men
As cannot tune Lunsford *eateth Children;*
These strange hum hawes when that such Saints they are at,
Are sung through th'Nose, like Weaver in a gart

O

On an old Lady.

AN antient Lady was ſitting at Table with company, who queſtioning each others age, ſhe being deſirous to be thought younger than indeed ſhe was, ſaid, that ſhe was but forty years old; *Cicero* being then preſent, and hearing what ſhe ſaid, rounded him that ſate next him in the ear, ſaying, you muſt believe her, for I have heard her ſay ſo any time theſe ten years.

This trick's not out of faſhion in Cheapſide
For fifteen years, till that ſhe was a Bride
She ſtill at thirty went, blame her not I pray,
A Virgins youth's renew'd oth' Wedding-day.

On Mr. Joſeph Price.

MR. *Joſeph Price* for thoſe parts that he undertook, he performed them ſo well, that without envy it may be ſaid) that he was not inferiour to any of the Dukes Play-houſe. It ſo happened that one time more eſpecially, he having got a cup too much in his head, that he went to the wreſtling place in Lincolns-Inne-Fields, where ſome abuſe being given to a friend of his that had wreſtled before, he drew his ſword, which to do there is ſo ſtrangely reſent-

ed, that such a person must expect to be scurvily handled amongst such a company of mis-understanding Coxcombs, who whether the cause be right or wrong will never so much as enquire, but will be hap at adventure, hit or miss, fall on. After the herd had invironed Mr. *Price*, they rushed in so fast upon him; that he had scarcely time, or room to sheath up his sword again: He perceiving that it was to no purpose to speak to them about this their breach of priviledge, endeavoured what he could to march quite through the crowd, which made such hast to stare upon him, that some of them tumbled the one over another, asking who it was, and which was he, that they might order him; they so justled and thrust one another upon Mr. *Price*, that they almost stifled him, insomuch that though he had got half way over the Fields, he was forced to make a stand, as not being able to goe any farther. which a friend of his perceiving, spoke aloud, and told them, that it was *Jo. Price* one of the Actors at the Dukes house that had been that afternoon somewhat too much elevated with the creature, otherwise himself he was no such person as would have offered for to draw his sword: They all unanimously, as it were with one voice, said, if it be our friend *Jo. Price* the Actor at the Dukes-house, none should affront him, and that if *Jo. Price* were drunk at any time, and drew

drew his ſword in the wreſtling place, none ſhould ſo much as lay a hand upon him; but if any other perſon ſhould do ſo, they would baſt him ſoundly, and make him run round like a dog hemmed in with the ring, until he beſhit himſelf: So Mr. *Price* paſſed off without any further moleſtation or affront given him.

Nor was it ſtrange this wonder of the Stage
Being but nam'd ſhould ſtop the Peoples rage.

Of one taxed for falſe Latin.

A Servitor in *Cambridge* being but a piece of a Scholler, having freely preſented his Tutour an Epiſtle for a New-years-gift, he read it and taxed him for falſe Latin in it; Sir, he replyed, I thought you would not have look'd a gift horſe in the Mouth.

Look a gift-horſe ith' mouth is as to ſay,
Find not a fault with that you do not pay:
But whoſoever is brought to that ſad paſs
To preſent falſe Latin, *take him for an Aſs.*

On the whipping of the blind Bear.

THis Venerial ſport is one of the Devils *Ala Mode* inventions (which as ſome think

hath not been of any long ſtanding) A Gentleman of Lincolns-Inne being one of thoſe that went to the Bear-garden, on the back ſide of Curſiters Alley, a Bawdy-houſe ſo called. At this garden it was where he uſed to whip a blind Shee-Bear on the bare buttocks with rods, for ſo much a Laſh: This Gentleman being often at that ſport, but one time above the reſt, not being ſatisfied with it, he would needs be at the other ſport; The reins of the Bears back being extremely heated with her ſeveral baitings, burnt him ſo, that he was forced to keep his Chamber for a quarter of a year, till he was cooled again. After he was perfectly recovered, he bethought himſelf of a revenge, which was accompliſhed in the manner following. In the Winter-time he came to the ſame Bear-garden, where calling for Black-pots and full Pipes he cauſed half a dozen Faggots to be burnt, privately placing the Fire ſhovel in the Fire, afterwards he knockt for the blind Bear, who when ſhe had agreed with him for ſo much money for ſo many Laſhes, ſhe lay down with her face on the Bed, ſhe might properly be called the blind Bear, ----- *cui lumen ademptum*, for ſhe had but one Eye, and that too ſhe could not ſee withall. The Gentleman made haſt to the Fire, from whence he took the Shovel red hot, and immediately clapt it to her bare breech: The Bear roared

roared out; the Bearherdeſs came up into the Chamber, and askt the Gentleman what he had done to her Bear; Nothing, ſaid he, but your Bear burnt me, and now I have burnt your Bear, and away he got him, having gained a further revenge in not paying the Reckoning.

Strange paſtimes in theſe dreadfull times are found,
When Paris-Garden *myſteries more profound;*
That Bear turns round, much like our Rogues of late,
Were they ſo whipt, it would ſecure our State.

Of a Schollar that was troubled with a tyred Horſe.

A Schollar on the High-way was tormented with a tyred Horſe, and not knowing otherwiſe how to make him go, held out on a ſtick a bottle of Hay, which the Horſe being greedy to overtake, put forward, and ſo he performed his Journey.

The Schollar that did try this cunning feat,
Had heard oth' Proverb, Who won't work ſhan't eat;
All the way that he rid he did but tender
The Hay, at's Journeys end was the ſurrender.

BY the enſuing Rhime you may perceive, that ſhifting is of an antient inſtitution. A Fellow being put to ſuch an exigent, that he muſt either pay ſo much money by ſuch a time, or go to priſon, he knowing no friend that would either be bound for it, or lend it him, he was forced to uſe this Trick: He hung out a large cloath, on which was written in great Letters,

Within this Place is to be ſeen
A monſtrous ſight; God ſave the Queen.

And under thoſe lines in as large characters were written, *A Horſe and no Horſe, the head ſtands where the tayl ſhould ſtand.* The people came far and near to ſee the Show, who could not chuſe but laugh at the Fellows ingenuity; he deſired them to keep their own counſels, to ſend him as many Cuſtomers as they could, and that when he had made up ſuch a ſum, which for the preſent he wanted, he would leave off Showing. They promiſed they would do ſo, and were as good as their words, for they reſolved that ſeeing they themſelves were made Fools, that they would fool others.

Use all your Wits for to bring Money in,
Except you have some new quick catching gin,
'Twill be held fast; it must be some delight
That's strange and rare, a Punchanello *shite.*

Of a great Eater.

A Gormandizer being about to set down at Table, complained that he had lost his stomach; Well, (quoth one that stood by) if a Poor man had found it, he had been utterly undone.

On Fidlers.

A Sea Captain being newly married, though he had paid several Consorts (as he took them for such) of Musick, the Waits, Trumpeters, Drummers, and other scraping Rascals that continually haunted his window, yet still he could not be rid of them; for as soon as one Company was gone they sent another, or else the cunning Rogues changed their Instruments and Cloaks and came again themselves. The Sea Captain being thus stormed, he resolved to be revenged of them; to effect it he prepared for their coming, which was very early the next morning, when under the Captains window they struck up, to no Tune: The Captain to punish

them

them the more, ſuffered them (without taking any notice) to play on; for he felt (though in a cloſe room) that it was an extreme cold morning; at laſt being tired out with their horrible diſcord, he having opened the Caſement, called to them, and askt whether they were for Hats or Cloaks, they cryed out for both; then ſaid he, *Have amongſt you blind Harpers*; throwing a pot full fraught with Piſs, *&c.* as they were gaping and upon the catch, down right upon them, ſo that they marched off in a moſt ſtinking pickle, the Captain afterwards being put to no further trouble with the impudent Fidlers.

What, Hats or Cloaks? both Maſter, have at all,
The Fidlers did receive what he let fall;
What 'twas we need not ſtudy for, or think,
The Crowders were ſo paid, that they did ſtink.

On one in the Stocks.

A Gentleman being for a miſdemeanour ſet in the Stocks, a friend of his (who in the mean ſpace had been in the Tavern) hearing of it, came hallowing into the Temple-hall in *London*, (where his friend was caught faſt by the leggs) and being asked why he did ſo, he anſwered, that he had loſt a friend of his in a Wood, and therefore hallowed for him as the cuſtom is.

We

We oft do Drunkards find in ſuch a Mood
Well plac'd, who otherwiſe could not have ſtood;
I heard one though fix'd there, cry Follow, Follow,
Fowler, Fowler, as at the game did hallow.

Of one that married a Crooked Woman.

A Gentleman had taken to Wife a woman of good conditions, but crooked of body, which being by ſome reproachfully objected to him, he ſaid, That God had bowed her, and ſent her for a Token to him.

A woman ſtraight in body, and in mind,
Cannot be lov'd enough, few ſuch we find;
But if to Tom *we rightly do ſet* Tib,
Who hath a crooked Wife takes his own rib.

Of a Bawdy houſe.

ONe having been cheated of ſome money at a Bawdy houſe, reſolved to be revenged, to which purpoſe he takes along with him half a dozen toping fellows, ſuch as cuffed off the little Black Pots ſo often, that at laſt they were not ſo able to drink, for they had almoſt gotten to the end of their journey; which the Bawd perceiving, was very earneſt for her reckoning, and ſwore that ſhe would not draw any more till that

that was first satisfied for which was already come in: The arch contriver of the mischief said to the Bawd, if you will not I will; and so making as if he would draw more Ale, he immediately at one pluck pulled out the Tap, put it into his pocket, and out of doors he and his crew went, without any following; for there was work enough for the old Bawd to do, the Tub being so ironed to the wall, as that there was not for the present any turning of it backwards, she being forced to cry out for help, and in the mean space to make use both of her fingers and apron at once, to thrust them into the Tub to stop the hole, least she should lose the rest of her Ale.

This fellow in his pocket miss'd some chink,
To put up such a cheat he did not wink,
The Black pots flew for't, and the Tub did run,
Were every Bawd so serv'd, she'd be undone.

Of a Thief.

A Thief being accused of a Roguish fact, and denying it, said, If I did it I am a very Rogue.

And so he was, how else turn'd he a Thief,
Fools only on such Rogues pin their belief.

Of

Of two Gentlemen at a Tavern.

THe noble Author of the *Spaniſh* Rogue amongſt other of his moſt ingenuous relations, tells us of two Gentlemen who had not ongon over ſhooes but over boots (according to e uſual practice of ſome of our roaring Boys) ey had run beyond the Conſtable, having not ly ſpent all their ready money, but though ey were ſtrangers, had alſo deſperately ought themſelves on the Tick at a Tavern, where they and their neceſſary, as before they en imagined them Utenſils of Wenches and idlers) had danced on the high rope, they ought it more than time to have diſpatcht out the way, for they now drank ſmall Beer, and te upon the ſtool of repentance, their conſideng caps being put on how to get out of the forfied Caſtle of *Don Vintineer*, for that was the me of the ſign where they for the preſent were ptived. After a ſerious conſultation, they nockt for the Governour, who approached em, armed with a Long Bill, which after they d peruſed it, they did not in the leaſt except ainſt it; only they deſired this favour from him, hat one of them might take ſo much freſh air as o march out to procure ſome money (for the preſent they were unfurniſhed) which was eaſi-

ly

...ed to. He that remained in cu... thought every minute an hour till his fri... returned, which was so long, that he stood ... on thorns, going often times to the windo... opening the Casement to look out to see for ... friend; and in a most melancholly plight sh... ting and often opening of it again, (not much ... like to one, who when he should have woo'd ... Lady of a rich match, silently playd so lo... with the Casement, that he slipt his opportu... ty of taking fortune by the forehead top, w... afterwards like a paultry Slut proved bald ... hind.) At last his friend came with a full care... discharged the reckoning, and procured a f... release, with you are Welcom Gentlemen, ve... welcom; which distrustful earnest expectati... of the confined Gentleman, that most ingenuo... Author discants so seriously on, as to expr... himself to this purpose: That he was but a fo... to look so often out at the window, for h... Friend came not a whit the sooner for it.

He that expects his money 'fore it comes,
May chaffe and stare, may stamp and bite h... thumbs:
Put to the Window fool, it was but fit
To storm your patience for your dear bought wit.

FINIS.

W.N.H. HARDING